





"EXOTIQUE"

. . . dedicated to FASHIONS,
FADS and FANCIES . . .

No. 28

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"DISCIPLINE . . .

IN A SPECIAL SCHOOL"

hy

Evelyn Adams

* * *

"Don't you dare sit down without my permission!" A thin, twelve-inch ruler slammed down on top of the metal desk. Miss Alexander, the principal of the special training school was a picture of fury and wrath. "Both of you stand on your two feet!" she commanded and enjoyed a thrill of obedience when the frightened boy and girl hopped to their feet, humbly standing before her in the school office.

"Both of you are guilty of trying to start a school riot," declared Miss Alexander. She was a pretty woman, made more so by the thick, jet black hair pulled tight and fastened with a



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little chain in a bun, behind the nape of her neck. The hair was pulled so tight, the skin was stretched taut like an elastic rubber band across her forehead and scalp. She was wearing the uniform of the special school--a severely manish tailored suit, the dark blue pigskin skirt pulled so tight across her ample hips so that when she walked back and forth, her protruding thighs revolved sensuously beneath the provocative leather. She wore a satin blouse, her round globules punching through the fabric, in eager defiance of the confining tightness. The blouse was tightened at the neck and here secured with a choker-type of necklace which forced her to keep her head erect and posture in a straight line.

"Both of you were overheard in the locker room in the basement, planning to start a riot and take over the school," Miss Alexander kept saying as she walked back and forth, switch a thin, flexible riding crop through the air. She had just come from a horseback riding trip outside the school grounds; this was evident judging from her boots. They shone like polished mahogany. They were almost flawless in their perfection, gleaming mysteriously. A deep brownish

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hue, the riding boots went up as far as her knee where the rim was made soft by dark blue velvet. The heel was as round as a half moon and the toe made a peculiar, dagger sharp point. There were no buckles or laces and the two students could only wonder how she could fit her feet into them; it was a mark of achievement that she was able to do so.

"I could send you both back to the police and that would mean more punishment," she was saying. "Or, if you want to co-operate, I will turn you over to our Student Court and you will be properly disciplined by whatever methods they decide."

Bunny, the girl, looked frightenedly at Malcolm, the boy. He, too, was quite startled that they had been caught making their plans. They had successfully carried out a riot in the city school, much to their satisfaction, but someone was jealous of the love they had for one another and squealed to the authorities. Rather than accept prison, they both agreed to go to this special school for delinquents and be given "another chance." But the discipline was

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too severe. They became bored with the daily routine of studying, polishing leather boots of the older students, being bossed around. To create some excitement, they planned to stage the riot, but did not think someone would be listening.

"Answer me!" commanded Miss Alexander. The leather riding crop hissed through the air, then landed with a sharp crack upon the top of the desk. Both students almost leaped out of their skin.

"We...we'll take the punishment of the Student Court," said Malcolm hoarsely, knowing that whatever happened, it would not be so serious as being returned to the judge who sent them here in the first place. He could send them to prison. It was a worse fate than local punishment. He looked down at his toes, afraid to meet Miss Alexander's gleaming stare of triumph.

Bunny almost sobbed aloud. She reached for her handkerchief. Suddenly, the riding crop whispered leather-like and--whack--came down on the desk. Bunny's hand froze. Her big

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blue eyes opened in surprise as Miss Alexander faced her. "As for you, young lady, if you think you can get away with breaking the rules, you're going to get a lesson you'll never forget! And I'll be watching--both of you--while you're being punished."

Miss Alexander's Special School had often been cited as a model establishment for educating unusual students. All parents and schools from the city who had problems of discipline relied upon Miss Alexander to train boys and girls who just refused to take orders. Once they were locked behind the high, forbidding walls of the establishment, few ever escaped. Those who tried were given some extra disciplinary actions to help make them more compatible. Many a successful man and woman, years later, owed his achievements to the special efforts expended by Miss Alexander and her school monitors to make him realize the value of being trained.

Miss Alexander pressed a button. A second later, in walked four students--all girls! They wore the uniform of the school: knee-length soft calfskin boots, the steel heels mea-

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suring an exact five inches. These boots laced up both in the front and the rear with leather laces and then knotted right at the knee. It was quite a task to make the laces tight and smooth; any wrinkle discovered during morning inspection was reported and the student had to open up the laces and start all over again. The girls wore skirts--peach colored leather which tightened securely around the waist with a very thick belt. A gleaming buckle in front was fastened so perfectly, the girl had to constantly suck in her breath to keep her tummy in to prevent the buckle from "biting" her, because of its tightness. Every girl had to measure a perfect 17 inch waist--whether they liked it or not. And their blouses were made of black silk, complete with sleeves down to the wrists where they were fastened with tiny leather straps such as seen on a wristwatch. Their girlish breasts, beneath, were usually secured with satin bras which lifted up the soft mounds and pushed them in an upward tilt.

The wooden floor echoed with the sound of stomp-stomping of these steel heels. Rather rhythmic, the sound almost echoes the pounding

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of the hearts of the two "prisoners" as they were now called.

Miss Alexander said to the Judge, one of the girls, "Both of these plead guilty to the crimes of trying to disturb the peace of our school. It is up to you to pass sentence."

The Judge, a tall girl with flaming red hair stared long at the humble Malcolm and Bunny. She said, in a thick, mannish voice, "In addition to the planned riot," she was saying as she encircled the humbled pair, their heads bowed with deep shame, "they also violate the most important rule of our school. First, boys must have crew cut hair, wear tight satin slacks and silken shirts. Soft alligator shoes are important. They must wear such soft clothes because delinquents feel too brave when wearing blue-jeans and hot nailed boots. Look at Malcolm's hair. Piled high, with a duck-tail. Well take care of that." She exchanged smirking glances with the other girls, all eager to see that justice was meted out. "Second, girls cannot wear such flowery, print dresses as does Bunny. She'll have to be taught the importance of leather and satin with

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tight buckles."

The four girls went into a buzzing huddle, then the leader returned. "Miss Alexander, will you give us permission to take these two prisoners to our fitting room. We guarantee to bring them back as two good students, willing to obey our rules."

There was no doubt but that Miss Alexander would agree. "And remember, Judge, they must both be properly fitted in school uniforms...and rules."

The Judge smiled and crossed her arms while slamming her high heeled boots on the wooden floor. Malcolm almost jumped from the sound. "We will take care of it, Miss Alexander, rest assured."

The fitting room was a brightly lit section of the basement, in which clothes of all descriptions hung on the racks. As the two prisoners were forced inside, they heard the door slam; then the latch was clangingly shut. Bewildered at having been caught and virtually being hurled into this fitting room, they could

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hardly talk. Malcolm felt less frightened; he decided that nothing really serious could happen except that they'll be given a severe tongue lashing, then warned that if they tried to make trouble again, they would surely be expelled. But he disliked the idea of having women chastise him. He wondered why Miss Alexander had not selected some of the boy students of the school.

The Judge, whose name was Irma, busied herself with opening boxes, shutting trunks and rummaging behind curtains. At last, she approached Bunny and said, "All right, get rid of those clothes and then we'll put these on you."

Bunny's eyes opened wide; she flushed and turned helplessly toward Malcolm. "But, but can't I undress behind...that screen?"

Irma slammed her heels on the concrete floor, sending tiny sparks shooting out between her twin metal heels. "We have no time to waste. Stop acting so silly. Get those clothes off--or I'll rip them off. You've got to wear the school clothes...it's one way of

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making you conform."

When Bunny hesitated, Irma's sharply pointed nails reached out, gripped the fabric of her dress. There was a soft, ripping sound and out plunged her bursting globules. Malcolm felt the sweat pour down his back and down his arms. His heart pounded like a hammer. Bunny's slim waist next came into shocking view as two more rips fairly freed her milky body from the dress. She wore nothing beneath!

"Please . . ." she shrieked, ". . . you mustn't. I'm so ashamed." Tears streaked down her cheeks much to the annoyance of the four disciplining girls. They were here to do a job--to dress her in regulation clothes, and did not want to waste time on sentimentality. Her swelling breasts bobbed up and down, the glowing tips flame red as Bunny tried to shield them.

Irma brought out a black silk blouse; she forced it over Bunny's soft white shoulders, pulled it tight around her neck and then fastened it with the silken covered metal buttons.

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Bunny stopped sobbing only because the collar was pulled so tight, she needed to breathe deeply for air. She felt the cool air of the fitting room blow against her exposed hips and thighs. When she found the courage to look at Malcolm, she saw the flushed expression, the smile on his lips. Why, the inconsiderate creature, she said to herself. He's actually enjoying himself!

Irma brought out the peach colored leather skirt which was the standard uniform of the school. Bunny was grateful for its soft comforting feel against her bare flesh. Even the tightness of the belt buckle did not bother her. She breathed in very deeply, permitted Irma to examine the garment to see that it was a tight fit. And then came the leather boots--Bunny would not wear any stockings. The leather hoots were fitted right onto her white feet, the inside feeling cozy and intimate as her toes wiggled around; she gave a little sigh of delight when the instep met her own instep and the heel pressed gently against her own bare foot inside. A feeling of relaxation spread over her body. "It feels so--so secure," she said softly to Irma.

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"That's how it's supposed to fit," answered Irma as she watched the other three girls lacing up the boots, inserting the thin leather laces into the gleaming metal eyelets, going higher and higher until Bunny's knee was reached and here they were tied into an exorbitant knot.

Bunny almost stumbled for the first few steps; the five inch gleaming metal heels, thin as a needle, was not steady in the beginning. The other girls assisted her and after a few moments of practice, Bunny found that they were quite comfortable, especially the tight laces which encircled her lovely white legs from knee right down to the ankle, as rigid as steel!

"I did not know it would be so comfortable," she said, glancing down at the ripped silk dress and the sloppy saddle moccasin shoes she had worn.

Irma said, "And now, let's take care of Malcolm." The four girls approached. The bewildered Malcolm stared around, looking for an avenue of escape but there was none.

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"No...no!" he cried out and his voice echoed in the basement fitting room. Irma seized him, and bodily forced him down on all fours. Without another word, she seized his thick hair and started snipping...she cut and cut, the long hair fell to the ground, and did not stop until she had almost cut off all his hair.

When Malcolm saw what she had done, he cried out, "I'll be the laughing stock of the school."

And that was precisely what Irma wanted to happen. It would help him get rid of his feelings of superiority. A most proper method of training. Then, all four girls suddenly reached out and literally tore off his shirt, and sloppy pants. He shivered as he stood wearing only a pair of small cotton briefs. The girls laughed at his plight. "You're not so tough after all, are you?"

Irma said observingly, "He's a little too flabby." She poked him and he jumped backward, only to be met by the cold wall. "Let's first put him into a slenderizing corset.

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"Then the other clothes," She turned to Bunny, "You'll help us, won't you, dearie?"

Bunny answered in a strange voice, "I'll be only too glad to help." She would make Malcolm pay for his smirk when her own clothes had been ripped off. She would teach him that she wasn't to be pushed around like that.

"Get those disgusting, sloppy shorts off!" Bunny commanded, surprising herself and the others at the new tone of dominance.

Malcolm hesitated, saw the look of determination upon Bunny's face; he sighed, hooked his fingers into the shorts and wiggled out of them. The palms of his hands felt sweaty and his whole body was bathed in a cold dew. He had never before been so embarrassed. He felt sorry he had ever planned the riot. He tried to cover his embarrassment but only succeeded in provoking the girls' anger. They yanked away his hands and made comments about the size of the girdle. Then it was held before him--a steel-rib enforced garment of satin with pink silk laces from the hips right to the armpits. It felt strong and tough against his

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chest as the girls enclosed him in the girdle. Bunny enjoyed lacing him up, tighter and tighter, resisting the impulse to deliver a proper twist whenever he wiggled his jelly-like hips, as she stood behind him.

The laces went tight around his waist, giving him an hour-glass figure after much heaving and pulling. At last, he was firmly laced up in the corset. A pair of billowing, polka-dot bloomers came next and he felt its soft, cool silkiness snuggle against his torso. He felt a throbbing in his throat, an ache of longing as the soft silkiness enveloped him. He forgot his shame until Irma yanked the bloomers up so high, he felt the tightness at the crotch bringing a flush of shame to his face. Malcolm was then treated to the black satin slacks, so tight that it was like a second skin. Bunny investigated to see that it was really skin tight and achieved inner satisfaction and revenge at Malcolm's laughing at her before, when she was in an embarrassing dilemma.

"It's a good fit," she announced to Irma. "Let's give him the silk shirt." Rather similar to a blouse, the shirt had an intricate series of

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laces up the rear. Yes, and they fastened right beneath the collar, behind Malcolm's neck which made it difficult to remove. He could feel the gentle kitten-like caressing touch of the silk against his arms and shoulders. He tried to bend at the waist as a pair of alligator shoes were placed on his feet, but the tight girdle did not permit such movements. Oh well, his posture did need improvement.

When he was returned, together with Bunny to Miss Alexander, they were quite different from the pair who first entered the office an hour ago. Bunny was now proud, determined, full of self-confidence. And Malcolm, wearing the tight girdle reminded him that he had to obey orders. The silken slacks which revealed more than concealed, also reminded him that everybody was watching him as he walked and sat down, so he would have to be on his good behaviour to create an excellent impression.

"I'm very pleased," said Miss Alexander, encircling the pair, noticing the tight clothes. "And if you two ever come before me--well--the next time I'll toss both of you in the

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lake--clothes and all!" Of course, it was an idle threat but sent shivers of fear up Malcolm's spine.

When they walked down the corridor, the high heels making a firm and steady tom-tom upon the concrete floor, Bunny said, "From now on, Malcolm, you better listen to me. I'm not going to be tricked into any schemes to start a riot. I'm being given a good opportunity to get an education here and you're not going to spoil it."

Accidentally, he stepped on her toe. She gave him a shove. "Fool--just for that--you'll have to polish both of my boots tonight. Until you can see your reflection in them."

"I'll be glad to, Bunny, I'll be glad to," said Malcolm gently. And for the first time since coming to this special school, he began to understand how important an education is.. . one can learn so many things.

THE END ..

"Phlaymohr"^{THE}



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"FURTHER EPISODES..
..IN A LINGERIE SHOP..

by

Estelle James

* * *

On a rainy, cold day recently, I had dressed for the chill dampness by donning my all-velvet outfit... a particular favorite of mine, and ideal for that day's weather. But clients seldom venture out on such days, and I was despairing that no appreciative customer would enter my shop to view the newest addition to this particular outfit. This was a heavy, royal blue cloak, treated with rain-repellant, and designed in the "court" style. Also new, was a matching, crowned hood, fashioned from Medieval costume designs for royalty and the nobility--so striking in the 20th century!

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(Although I wasn't wearing these new items inside the shop, they were hanging quite handy, and I could slip them on immediately if anyone entered who would enjoy seeing them.)

Then, as the afternoon drew to a close, an enchanting sound reached me: that ever-so-thrilling cadence of extremely high-heeled shoes as their owner stepped daintily across the marble foyer of the large building in which my shop is located. Long association with that sound had taught me that it usually forecast a caller for me; for to me my shop was for the women who were aware of and practice always the fine arts of total femininity! To my great delight, my visitor was the magnificently-attired Sarah! Sarah is one of my most pleasant customers, and is amazingly fastidious in her dress. Also, she is one of the most demanding, but the finished creations she devises and orders from me are well worth all the effort and time I put into them.

So determined is this lady that her clothing--ALL her clothing--be an expression of her own personality, that no detail is overlooked, or considered too small for exact consideration.

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How delightful it is to take orders from such a woman, who knows the best of quality, and expects it always!

After I had greeted her as an honored guest, as I tried always to cause her to feel, Sarah commented approvingly on my garb:

"I recall that costume... You wore it another rainy day. I enjoy shopping in a rain-storm... seems to add even greater excitement to an already gratifying diversion. You are wise to have such an outfit... comfortable, is it now?"

"Quite comfortable, thank you. And I have added these to the outfit." I then brought out the cloak and the hood. Sarah was very well pleased with them, and declared the costume was complete... could not need anything more to finish it.

Then Sarah said: "I have seen this dress before. But you remarked earlier that ALL your garments in this outfit are made of the same heavy velvet. That interests me... I wish to SEE them ALL, now!"

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Peremptory as was the command, I could well understand the lady's interest, so I led her into the Fitting Room where I might disrobe.

First to be removed was my dress: of my own design it is marveled at by all who see first-hand its intricate manufacture. It fits me closely; the skirt is long, as are the sleeves; the neck is high--in front; the back plunges low! Its tight fit is managed by two long zippers, placed at the side of my waist and on the under side of the opposite arm. Beneath this dress I wear a boned, strapless bra-slip, of this same heavy velvet. The corset--an especially small one due to the design of the dress, but effectively tight nonetheless--is constructed of double-thickness velvet, and every hit a thrill to wear!

Sarah was enchanted with these garments, and thanked me for the opportunity of seeing them. Velvet is also one of her special delights, but due to her husband's favoritism toward leather, Sarah orders more garments in leather than in velvet. Today's order was something quite special, however.



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A true crowning glory is Sarah's hair. When worn loose--as she does only within her own home--it cascades in lovely waves down to her waist. Outside her home, however, Sarah catches it up in intricate designs that never fail to arouse interest and comment from all viewers.

Now, for the coming social season, Sarah would be entertaining at numerous cocktail parties, and she required an outfit that would be suitable for a varied group of guests--that would embody her criterion concerning female grooming and appearances--and perhaps most important, would showcase her luxuriant tresses! A large order, indeed, but I revelled in the challenge!

Since lingerie was the foundation for any successful wardrobe, Sarah and I devoted the remainder of that afternoon to the selection of the exact items of lingerie. The designing and preparation of other items of clothing than lingerie is on custom basis only with me, and for very few of my clients do I undertake that task. As I demand total perfection in all garments, there are after all not many orders that I could undertake to fill! However, by the

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time Sarah left that day, her choice of lingerie had been made, and I had settled in my own mind the rest of the outfit, and had given my promise of timely filling of the order.

Within a comparatively short time, the order was complete, and Sarah invited me to lunch at her home on the day I made delivery. Her husband also was present, and as he watched the garments being removed from their box, he insisted that Sarah put them on at once. It was obvious that Sarah would have preferred to eat her lunch without the confining corset I had devised for her, but as she dared not dissent to her husband, she at once left the room to don the new clothing.

In just a few moments, Sarah called out from her dressing room, asking help! As I entered, I saw that her difficulty was in getting a tight lacing from her new corset, which was designed to bring her waist measurement down to 19 inches. With great effort, the desired measurement was obtained, but Sarah had had to strain fiercely to acquire it. (Sarah is a lady who desires to eat well and heartily, and her meals are of gourmet-quality!) This new cor-

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set, of fine soft glove leather, was deliberately made smaller than the 20-inch corsets she was previously wearing, since it is our feeling that there ought always to be something more desirable to strive for! The bra, panties, and slim slip were severely tailored in design, but made from the most alluring silk I could obtain. They, as all the garments, were of a silver-grey color.

The dress, on which I had lavished my attention and efforts was more accurately, a jumper. Yet it could not possibly have been mistaken for a school-girl's jumper!

The jumper-dress was of leather, identical to the corset, and of the same silver grey shade Sarah had chosen to highlight her rich black hair. With high neckline both front and back, and dipping low at each side, the enticingly slim dress would surely enchant all of Sarah's guests.

Shoes had been ordered also, in the self-same leather, and Sarah slipped them on before parading the new costume in front of her adoring husband. There were shoes I could envy: 5 1/2 inch heels with pure silver tips!

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Sarah's husband was entranced with his wife's attire, and it augured well that this would be a successful social season. And with such a magnificent hostess, what else could it be? !!

THE END . . .





"AN UNDERCOVER LOOK
AT FIGURES IN FASHION..."

by

Evelyn Adams

* * *

The knights in shining armor passed down a wonderful heritage--women became so enamoured with the confinement and rigid discipline of armor that they just insisted upon wearing such interesting fashions for themselves. Of course, for a woman to wear a complete suit of armor is rather unthinkable; leave it to the ladies to make the best of any situation. The antique armor plate found its way into--the corset and girdle!

Of course, today's satin and nylon are nowhere near the strict, double-duty efficiency of girdles and corsets in the old days. They

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really knew how a girl should look then. Gone, today, are the steel girdle "front-and-hinder binders" which used to hold a girl so firm and fully packed from armpit to thigh that she really displayed an attractive figure.

Girdles began to be in vogue back in the 16th century. Anne Boleyn started the trend when she decided that her "maidenly" virtues were more charmingly displayed when wearing a black satin nightgown, trimmed in matching fur. Anne had a big appetite and sometimes her charms were a little too bulky. And so, she started the trend for a 13 inch waist and set herself up as a good example. She could not control her appetite but she could do wonders with her figure. She poured herself into a frame of steel plates, so tight that she had to breathe in as deeply as possible, turning a pale shade of blue while the plates squeezed in her waist tighter and tighter.

At times, lovely Anne would show tears streaming down porcelain cheeks but she refused to heed the pleas of her ladies in waiting and demanded that the plates be drawn so tight that "they bend my ribs inward" and mould her

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figure into a delightful 13 inches. When she moved, she could hardly bend at the waist and was forced to maintain a rigid posture. She wore folds of brocade, embroidery, lace, and cloth of gold to disguise the armor plate.

The reign of Louis XIV brought in a demand for smaller waistlines. The French, noted for ingenious devices, developed the busk--the forerunner of today's stays. The busk, placed in the lining of the tight-fitting bodice, was of highly decorated ivory, carved wood or shaded silver. Some ambitious women even enclosed daggers in sheathes--to safeguard milady's safety as well as her silhouette.

The hour glass figure was the next step in style. It was obtained by padding the hips and bust and employing two persons to help squeeze the waist with the dispensable corset; when her waist could be encircled to two hands, only then did the squeezing stop.

A rather plump lady of royalty became envious when Louis XIV brought in a new lady in waiting, although she did not have to wait very long owing to her very narrow waist. The plump

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lady, to meet competition, brought in two of her court executioners, rather burly men of enormous strength, and asked them to use all their might in squeezing a girdle tighter and tighter around her ample waist. The executioners could do wonders with an axe or guillotine, but when it came to milady's waist, they reached their limits. They confessed, after sweating, gasping, and wheezing and pulling that it was impossible to get her into a girdle to measure a 14 inch waist.

She became furious; more so, when one of the burly, sinewy men tittered at her flabby figure. She decided to teach him a lesson. In public view, right in the open square, the husky was stripped by the royal lady, divested of his sloppy garments and forced to put on lace scanties, white satin bloomers with ruffles around the knees (as was quite the vogue in those days) and also to wear a chemise with a string of red velvet bows running up and down its length. And then--around his husky waist and chest, came a girdle--to measure exactly 13 inches when tightened and fastened. The steel busks felt as if the walls of a building were closing in on him.

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He may have cried out for mercy--let alone a request that his embarrassment end because for a public executioner to be forced to wear women's clothing...and punished by publicly wearing a tight girdle was quite a slur to his profession. The royal lady was determined that he be fully punished for laughing at her and for failing in his task to narrow her waist down to 14 inches.

Everybody now jeered at the helpless position of the executioner. And so, three men had to pull the leather strings with all their might until--miraculously enough, his burly waist was measured to a perfect 13! It just shows what determination and ambition can achieve. The executioner's chest was thrust out like a top heavy bosom and he certainly could have fooled anyone, what with his frilly laces.

In later years, particularly the early 1900's, the "Kangaroo Bend" or pigeon shape came into its lovely being. In this fashion, the corset pushes the bust up, the stomach in and the rear out. It gives women a leaning tower look. Top heavy, the bosom is then covered with

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frilly black lace. The rear is jutted out into fully packed proportions, hence its name--Kangaroo bend, if you've seen a kangaroo, you can understand why.

The 20th century turned a new page in the world of fashion. In 1910 the first all-elastic step-in was made; the ventilated corset of mesh or net was introduced. The Gibson Girl wore a corset which followed her natural lines more closely. Elastic gores made bending possible.

The vogue of corsets was popular in college days, too. Many a sorority demanded that its girls exemplify neatness with the wearing of a girdle. One such sorority had a complete initiation for such girls...particularly those who never knew the feel of girdles. One college's initiation was held in a deserted barn (as are so many initiations) and by candle light, the frightened girl was led into the center of a crowd. Other girls hovered about, eager to watch the transformation take place; the frightened girl was then disrobed, right down to any sloppy blue jeans, right out of any sloppy underclothes. Several "sisters" then measured the

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quivering girl, taking time to obtain exact sizes in the important parts of her body which would be fitted into the tight girdle.

"Please don't . . ." she would beg. "I'm so embarrassed," she fairly wept, striking a September morn luscious image.

"Silence!" demanded the leader of the group, gripping her tightly by the arm and assisting lingeringly with the examinations. "If you want to be a club member, you better behave. Besides," she noticed, "you need a little girdle training to have a better figure... in certain places."

"You mustn't," she continued to sob, especially when the other girls laughed at her plight.

Then came the girdle--the initiation was beginning. Made of satin, it looked innocent enough but within was a series of unyielding steel stays. The ribs looked soft and gentle because of the frilly pink satin covering; even the pink laces looked rather soft and floppy but only because they were soft leather laces dyed pink.

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The girl's figure was then covered with this girdle, enveloping her from front to back. Two sisters started tugging the girdle until the initiate felt that she was being made into mashed potatoes. Her waist was squeezed inward while her luscious twin pink and white melon-shaped breasts were forced to jut outward--as if hanging from a vine, wafting in the breeze! Nobody cared for this minor exposure; everybody was more intent upon seeing the figure moulded into an hour glass shape to measure a perfect 14 inches! And it just had to be perfect because all the members of this girdle sorority, as they were called, had a waistline of that exact measurement!

With one final heave, one last gasp of deep breathing, there was a little click. The girdle had done its job. The fasteners were clicked shut and now, the girl was congratulated because she had passed the requirements and was now a member of the sorority. It took practice for her to walk around comfortably in the girdle. She complained that when she tried to bend at the waist, she experienced slight dizziness and brief fainting sensations. "I'm not going to remove this girdle," she said in halting,

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breathless tomes, "until I can wear it without any discomfort of any sort."

The Kangaroo figure is most interesting--especially with a man who may underestimate the power of a girdle. Every so often one hears of a man who professes his love for a comfortable girdle. On men, the Kangaroo Bend trains them to walk with better posture, their chests thrust out, their hind parts pointing straight out and their waists squeezed in. For training, corset and girdle experts suggest that the man walk around while his wife places her hand square on the small of his back and presses down--hard!

His steps may falter slightly but this pressure helps to remind him to keep a good posture, his shoulders thrown back while he walks. Sometimes, if you press too hard, he may trip which makes the training more difficult since wearing a tight girdle does not help in bending at the waist. . . a motion required for getting up. However, after considerable practice, any man can enjoy the good figure and posture that is the envy of a woman who knows the value of a Kangaroo Bend corset.

...IN FACT AND IN FICTION

Some men like to wear such tight corsets together with a pair of spike heels--at least five inch heels are required. Black, patent leather pumps, polished to superb perfection giving an impression of skin smooth surface, adds to the atmosphere. Of course, stockings should be worn to do such spiked heeled shoes justice. Silk stockings seem to go with silk or satin girdles with steel or bone ribs and stays. Silk stockings are soft and cool, stretch over the legs snugly; when you caress a leg wearing soft silk stockings it provides an invigorating sensation! It builds up your ambition to be trained in the proper wearing of girdles.

One of my neighbors confessed to me the other day that her husband so loves silk stockings, he once begged to be able to try a pair on his legs. She agreed but said if he would permit her to lace him up in a tight corset, she would let him wear her silk stockings. She said, "He needs a corset because his posture is always slouching and poor. So I decided to take advantage of his weakness." At first, Billy just refused to wear a corset but his fondness and appreciation of silk won out and

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he consented. His first training corset was made of nylon acetate leno-elastic with a front hooking waist cincher that immediately squeezed in his manly waist at least four inches. A set of nine flat bone inset in satin, firmly controlled any excess midriff flesh. As the days went by and he was able to control his appetite, the front hooks were adjusted inward and drew the corset together more snugly. He did not bother wearing any other clothes around the house because he just wanted to wear the corset and the luxurious silk stockings.

Of course, he agreed to wear a pair of silk bloomers because he was slightly modest at first; that is, be constantly blushed because he walked around the house wearing nothing but the corset and silk stockings. Gradually, he not only learned to love the secure, defiant feeling of unyielding corsets, but also the soft, kitten smooth touch of silk bloomers. Needless to say, my neighbor's husband became a very happy man--he never knew how wonderful corsets could be. Luckily, his wife was wise and understood. It all began with his fondness for silk stockings! One treasure can just lead on to the next!

. . . IN FACT AND IN FICTION

Girdles today are often rubber-enforced, leaving red ridges upon packed flesh of hips and thighs when the garment is removed. The solution? Why bother removing rubber, elastic girdles in the first place? Rubber is pliant, it stretches with a slight twang, is so yielding, so stretchy, one should always know its comfort by wearing rubber clothes or garments with rubber foundation.

If royalty could only know the wonders of girdles today. They didn't know what they were missing!

+ THE END . . .



by

Tana Louise

* * *

Ever since the initial appearance of this column, my mail has been packed with dozens and dozens of letters with one common thought . . . These doubting "Thomas' " are, it seems, of the unanimous opinion that the ideas set forth on these pages are



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merely for publication and aren't really my own every day life. Well, sorry to disprove your theories, but when I talk about wearing 5-inch heels, wasp-waist corsets, leather dresses, shoulder-length gloves, etc., you can bet your bottom dollar that I'm not talking in terms of fiction. I firmly believe in these things and, in fact, wouldn't think of showing myself in public without a firmly-corsetted waist, spike-heeled shoes and all the rest.

Perhaps the photo on page 55 will help me in my cause. This particular shot was taken by one of New York's leading daily newspapers. The occasion was the World's Premier of a Walt Disney motion picture. As is my usual custom, I attired myself in a complete Leather outfit - including a fox-trimmed leather stole. My legs were sheathed in sheer black nylon stockings and, of course, my shoes had spike heels measuring a full 5-inches. (If the outfit had called for it, they would have been 6-in.)

Needless to say, my dress caused a sensation and more than one of the Hollywood

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stars and starlets present cast envious glances my way. The Dior's and other Paris originals took a back seat to my skin-tight black kidskin sheath gown.

Next month I hope to show you my latest creation - designed especially for "Extra Special" occasions. It too is of black kidskin. The front is cut low. . . . very low but the full description will have to wait 'till next month.

Black, it seems, is my favorite color - as well as the favorite of most men. One hasty glance into my closet will show how I feel about this. The photos on the next three pages serve to illustrate what I mean. The shoes which set off the rest of the apparel are black patent leather with 5-inch heels. They are the D'orsay cut (Whatever that means?). . . .

Incidentally, there haven't been too many comments about my new short hair style. Like I know many of you go for the long tresses, but all I need do is slip on a shoulder-length transformation and everybody is happy.

TANA . . .











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